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## The Present State of Music.

(Continued from page 99.)

(Translated for this Journal from Marx's "Music of the Nineteenth Century.")

So Mozart wrought; so, with him and before and after him, the host of German, Italian, French composers; the almost contemporaneous Italians, such as Paesiello and Cimarosa; the nation-less Cherubini; the French and Belgians, with Gretry at their head; the followers of Mozart, the Pärs, Winters, Righinis, Weigls, Spohr; the latter Italians who Italianized him, with Rossini, tired of victory, (he liked to catch fishes better than to make operas) leading the van,—so far as they did not look back to the traditions of the old Italian school. A treasury of music has accumulated in these thousand works, in one more lightly and cheerfully, in another more darkly colored; here more variegated, there more monotonous and mannered; with this one more rich in melody, with that one more elaborate or more intellectual and free (herein Mozart remained in advance of all); with Beethoven, more deeply brooding in the mysteries of the tone-realm, for he occasionally loses himself in the dialogue of the orchestra climbing vine-like up into the dialogue upon the stage and threatening to overgrow it. In one German preëminently, in Dittersdorf, a tendency to drastic characterization asserts itself; only the circle of vision—the dull every-day existence of the suburban townsman in all his poverty and limitation—is too narrow and effete, and the artistic means are small.

Two appearances there were, that first lifted themselves out of this ocean of music, by whose waves so much that was charming, deeply moving, genial, was upborne awhile and then swallowed up. They seem to me significant for my purpose.

First came forward SPONTINI, with the *Ves tale*, *Cortez* and *Olympia*. We leave it to the nice critics to weigh him in their scales and show how much he lacked of Mozart's richness, and of German depth and culture, and whatever other sins he had. One thing is decisive in his favor and satisfies us. He was a character, and had force of will; he has shown both in his operas, which, in spite of all deficiencies and aberrations, strive after genuine dramatic shaping and effect. How did he come to that.—he who in Italy had been a Rossinist before Rossini? By being in Paris, where he not only found texts of dramatic pith and favorable for scenic presentation, but also received the energetic spirit of the French nation into his fiery soul. True the people's life was dammed up by the usurpation of Napoleon, and the free play of souls was hemmed in and gagged by the imperial despotism. But this usurper was a hero, this despotism hid its baldness, as Cæsar did of old, under the laurel wreaths of victory; the glitter of arms and war, the thundering *gloire de la grande armee* had poured out the intoxication of Roman world dominion over the people. This intoxication, this splendor of the new imperi-

alism, gathered up and personified in the forms of the hero, of the foeworn conspiring rival, of the representative high-priesthood, of the noble lover, were the subject matter of Spontini's dramas. The thoughtful word of the free poet would have been incompatible with Napoleonic suspicion and Napoleonic self-love, and could not fellowship with the self-will of the most autocratic of all autocrats; under a Napoleon poetry, like eloquence, is dumb. Music alone could revel and intoxicate herself with innocent unconsciousness; she without danger could display herself beside her idol, still triumphant after his fall in the residences he had so recently misused. Indeed the Germans, with their quiet wont, found the noise of the Spontini trumpets and cymbals oppressive—yet it was natural and necessary to the Napoleondes. It is precisely the noise, and nothing else, which has been handed down as an heirloom, and grown year by year tenfold stronger.

The second form is CARL MARIA VON WEBER. The Körner battle songs during the war of liberation made him the minstrel of the people. But the popular life, in those years of oppression, had taken refuge from the shameful present in the "romantic" time of people's and of hero life, in the Middle Age circle of traditions. Then stepped Weber with his *Freyschütz* into this circle, where the German people had already been made at home by their most recent poets. His music gave popular expression to the hunter, the envious peasant, the village humor, the rural simplicity and passion for the dance, and to that "romantic" sentimental enthusiasm of the Fouqué type of maiden innocence and love; it came roaring and moaning by, in ghost-like sounds, with the Wild Hunt; it was the highest summit to which German dramatic music at that time could lift itself. *Euryanthe* followed. Nowhere has Weber shown himself so rich; nowhere has he or any one of his predecessors or contemporaries so genially and happily hit the local tone of time, place and situation, all the weighty dramatic moments. But that Middle Age tendency was already played out; its ghostly whisperings, its love-lore (*Minne*), in which the deification and the degradation of Woman are so closely bound together, its whole circle of ideas and forms, are foreign to us, its "Ancient throng of Gods is long ago gone by." Weber and his poetess had not understood how to present the ever-living element of that time; *Euryanthe* had no triumph. Compared with the boundless success of its predecessor on the stage, it was a failure; but it is justly famous in the historical development of Art through that energetic insisting upon local truth.

Spontini's and Weber's dramatic efforts were the outbirth of an eventful period, not conceivable without that period, and no further reaching than the real scope of that. As no man can give what he has not got, so also can no time. Art is constantly and everywhere the secret confession and imperishable memorial of its time.

The same period, the soulless and empty peri-

od of the Restoration, brought the French their AUBER, who held at first to Boieldieu, then borrowed brilliancy and charm from Rossini, and afterwards, favored by the dramatic tendency of his nation and Scribe's stage tact, attained to successful scenic effect. To the knowing ones, it was farces, with the "Comedy of the fifteen years," that France then played with the Bourbons and kept on playing. The earnestness of the dramatic Muse could not suit such a time.

It has received its highest satisfaction through MEYERBEER, who, leaving the German school, at first gave in his adhesion to the Rossini direction, when this was in vogue; then made himself master of the Scribe and Auber scenic effects; and finally appropriated to himself that local coloring that was found by Weber, in short the German People's tone. All this he controls, he lavishes with a virtuosity and a refinement without equal. With wonderful acuteness he divined alike the tone of deep fermenting passion and the humorsome way of those odd heroes who, in rough soldier's garb, without especial thanks or pay, and partly foreigners, victoriously fought the battles of the old Fritz against the united continent. For the fanaticism of the consecrated murderer priests of St. Bartholomew's night he finds the specific ground color with the same certainty as for the Zelotism of the Anabaptists and the antique psalmody, smelling, one might say, of the mould of past ages, of pious female pilgrims; indeed his ear has happily caught the chord of tender innocence. Perhaps he would not have needed the favor of outward circumstances, securing to him the very *élite* among performing artists, the most enticing outfit, the service of the serviceable press, to step triumphantly to the head of the operatic world, such as it now is and can be. Another last determining element for him fell into the scale: He was and is the man of this his time.

For, with all his marvellous peculiarities and happy faculties, he has wanted one thing: Integrity—the integrity of the artist. It consists in this: that one earnestly and truly will something outside of himself; that the creating artist will set forth his object as he sees and feels it—or rather, that he feel constrained through the power of creative love so to set it forth, and this power yields itself up without reservation, without any ulterior or side end. Only out of this love and sincerity can the true Art work spring; only so does it exercise, whatever be its subject or direction, any moral, spiritual power, and become at once a monument and armory of the progress to which Humanity is inwardly called and bidden. This integrity has Meyerbeer, fortunately for him in such an age, never practised. Never is his chief concern about his subject, never does he love and shape it for its own sake; he trusts it not, nor does he entrust himself to it in devoted fidelity; he bulwarks it with all imaginable outworks, uses it and all that it brings solely for his own profit, to—make effect. This making

of effect has become a characteristic trait for the artist; no one has understood it so thoroughly or pushed the trade with such rich means; it pervades and modifies these works from their first inception to the minutest feature of their execution. What a medley mass of things has had to be dragged together in these *Huguenots*, in this *Prophète*, one thing pressing upon the heels of another on the overcrowded stage, all of which has no necessary connection with the original design or with the subject proper, is not required by the action, and does not show nor develop the characters! Whatever could be rummaged out of the whole broad field of time, out of all the old property rooms of life, that seemed to promise any effect, had to come forth: Sunrise, skating scene, shepherd's piping, little jack-o'-lantern tongues of flame, dances, high mass, explosions, gypsies, processions, students, vesper bells, illumination of the Louvre, Queen on horseback,—who can enumerate in a short time all the rubbish that is brought out in four or five long hours? As for what mere music may do—in the first moment, perhaps, the most striking characteristic trait of the old downright time; in the second, noise without ground or measure; in the third, a solfeggio floating up and down on the major and minor ninth chord, the nocturnal languishing of modern sentimentality, that yearning after yearning; in the fourth, mere *coloratur*, or ornament; in the fifth, a sort of *mésalliance* between the piccolo and contrabassoon: no fancy dry goods dealer displays more fashions on his broad shop counter; there is something for everybody. Pity only that one thing crowds another and stifles it, as they all do the one main thing, which is the work of Art. Distracted, wearied out, one slips off homeward from the costly bazaar.

But how capitally this man has studied the age at the high school of Europe! Has then this age any force of character or impulse to action? Has it a deep, inwardly settled will? Does this "society," which pays for and controls *salon* and theatre, bear in its bosom any power of hate or love? Besides mere personal interests, is it conscious of a more pressing and sincere want as a distraction from the fatiguing chase of material and ambitious ends? To future historians Meyerbeer will be a characteristic feature of the present age; for "he who has satisfied his time, has lived for all time." Pity, that such splendid endowments had to be so squandered!

(To be Continued).

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Good Music.

#### A CONTRIBUTION TO MUSICAL AESTHETICS.

Much is said about *good music*, implying thereby a discrimination between music so characterized, and certain other which is *not good*. Now why is not all music good? And how shall we determine what is and what is not Good Music? An answer to these questions involves an appeal to the fundamental principles of musical taste; and it is the attempt of this paper to state these principles somewhat more systematically than usual.

We believe that the true problem of the musical composer is this: *So to combine tones as to express certain emotions in the most impressive and beautiful manner*. In his choice of means he is guided by no law save that of his own inspiration,

except in so far as musical science puts its checks upon him not to use certain incongruous combinations. But a composer who writes only in constant fear of violating these laws is a composer *made, not born*. A composition may be in accordance with all written laws, and shaped after the most approved models, and yet be of no artistic value whatever, because it means nothing. So in language, one may talk for hours in an elegant manner and express no thoughts. But such are not Art-works.

So it appears that in judging a musical composition we appeal to two kinds of aesthetic laws, which we may term the *tangible*, and the *intangible*. Those which we have ventured to term intangible, are the artistic perceptions which we possess in such different degrees, and by which we receive the meaning of a work of art into our very souls, as it were, or by which we perceive the insignificance of trash. This faculty we might term the Musical Common Sense, because it is possessed in some degree by almost every one. This faculty, like every other of the mind, becomes more active by use. There can be no discussion about the decisions we obtain from it, further than appeal to the intuitions of large bodies of men. For the judgments of this faculty, like those of the Common Sense as applied to other kinds of thought, are *intuitions*. So if you tell me that after due study a certain work of art is meaningless to you, I cannot discuss the question further than to say that to me it is highly significant, and to refer you to the opinions of acknowledged judges. Sometimes great diversity of opinion prevails, even among these, and then we must each in candor hold our own opinion, waiting for more light, or for the verdict of that stern old critic, Time. And this is what is meant, no doubt, by the famous saying *de gustibus non disputandum*. For it is not a dispute about tastes, but about the ability to perceive a meaning where it exists to others. Concerning tastes, properly so-called, we can dispute, else there could be no laws of taste, musical or otherwise.

The aesthetic laws which we have termed *tangible* are those that have regard to the manner, or form, in which a musical thought can be expressed or elaborated in order to produce upon the listener the impression of beauty—or, as we say, to be in good taste. To discuss and elucidate these laws is the province of the Theory of Musical Composition, and of Musical Aesthetics, on neither of which subjects is there any elaborate treatise in English. We inquire, then, as a foundation for our reasoning: How do works of Art give us pleasure? To this, John Ruskin:

"All sources of pleasure, or any other good to be derived from works of art, may be referred to five distinct heads. I. Ideas of Power.—The perception or conception of the mental or bodily powers by which the thing has been produced. II. Ideas of Imitation.—The perception that the thing produced resembles something else. III. Ideas of Truth.—A perception of faithfulness in a statement of facts by the thing produced. IV. Ideas of Beauty.—The perception of beauty, either in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles. V. Ideas of Relation.—The perceptions of intellectual relations in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles."

The pleasure we derive from music is, no doubt, referable chiefly to the fourth of the sources men-

tioned. In some kinds of music, the Fugue, for instance, we are delighted by the contrivance and skill displayed in the intertwining of the different voices, while we at the same time receive the inner significance of the thought itself. These emotions, so far as they belong to our *tangible* aesthetics, are to be referred to ideas of relation. By dance music we are impressed only sensuously. We are pleased by the felicitous nicety of manner sometimes displayed therein; but this music speaks no language to the soul.

Since our chief musical pleasures arise from the beauty of compositions, as is no doubt the case, we are led to inquire: What is beauty? For an answer we accept the theory of those philosophers who hold that beauty consists of certain traits which typify the Divine attributes. These are:

*Infinity*, the type of the Divine Incomprehensibility. *Unity*, the type of the Divine Comprehensiveness. *Repose*, the type of the Divine Permanence. *Symmetry*, the type of the Divine Justice. *Purity*, the type of the Divine Energy, and *Moderation*, the type of government by law. Of unity there are four kinds: things subjected to the same influence, called *subjectional unity*; when things arise from one source, *unity of origin*; when things form links in chains, *unity of sequence*; and the unity of separate and distinct things into one whole, *unity of membership*. And this last is the highest unity of all.

The Beauty, then, of a musical composition consists only in its capacity to produce upon us the impression of Infinity, Unity, Repose, Symmetry, Purity or Moderation. Unconsciously to ourselves these impressions are made upon us; we are pleased thereby, and their exciting cause, whether picture, statue, poem, or music, we term beautiful. For the production of these impressions, Music has recourse, as it seems to us, to the following means. The impression of Infinity we derive from the breadth, significance, or, as we often say, depth of a composition. This impression, therefore, belongs partly to the intangible aesthetics. Such an impression is derived from Beethoven's well-known Sonata in C-sharp minor, the so-called "Moonlight Sonata," and from his Fifth and Ninth Symphonies. In the symphony form, too, may be most fully displayed the various kinds of Unity. In the multiplicity of instruments governed by one spirit we have *subjectional unity*. In the construction of various differently managed passages from one motive, as is often done with the Theme and Second Episode in the fifth rondo-form, we have *unity of origin*. In symmetrical modulations we have *unity of sequence*; and in the combination of several dissimilar compositions into one consistent whole, we have *unity of membership*, the culminating unity of all. The Andante, Largo, or Adagio movements usually make a marked contrast with those preceding and following. Thus we experience an impression of Repose. As, for instance, the Adagio in the *Sonata Pathétique*. In the due proportion existing between the various themes and episodes of a work, as well as the proper dimensions of the separate rondos of a Symphony, we have *Symmetry*. Impressions of Purity arise from the delicate style of the instrumentation, as in the introduction to Mendelssohn's Overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" or, separately from any material agency, from the etherial character of the idea itself, as in some of

Chopin's compositions. Our impressions of Moderation arise from a general obedience to the laws of that form of composition chosen as the dress of the thought, without running into extravagance on the one hand, or into a cramped and constrained style, on the other.

We conclude, then, that Good Music must have meaning, a voice for the soul; and must be expressed in such musical forms as will be in accordance with the laws of beauty.

At another time we may take a brief survey of the literature of the piano-forte, searching for examples of good music.

Aurora, Ill.

W. S. B. M.

### The Famous Quire of Earndale.

(From the Cornhill Magazine).

When, fifteen years ago, I was inducted to the Rectory of Earndale, the parish church possessed a famous quire. Not that the quire of Earndale differed much from that almost obsolete type which fifteen years ago it was deemed the young churchman's duty to extirpate on first donning the white tie. It was a famous quire, which every year—once or twice in the year—strangers would come to listen to. It consisted of but five men, one of whom played a clarinet with bold, firm tone, that sustained the treble, and gave confidence to the cracked-voiced boys and rough-voiced girls who hardly stood in need of encouragement. Another played a violoncello, to which he had attached a fifth string tuned to F F, in order to add sonority to the deeper bass. A third performer played the flute, on which he executed the counter-tenor part as it was written for him in the G clef, above the treble or air. Of the remaining two men, one sang the air with the clarinet, only an octave lower, and the last sang the bass. But besides this, the violoncello player sang bass, tenor, or air, or counter-tenor in a screaming falsetto, one part or the other, as he deemed it necessary to ornament or support the service of song.

Such was the quire of Earndale; they sang pluckily, and made a cheerful, if not a melodious noise. I gave them supper once a year, but could not induce them to adopt more ecclesiastical music than glee and songs set to sacred words. Still, we were better off than the meeting, where they all sang in discordant chorus, while the parson played the big fiddle in the pulpit. Like other things in Earndale, the quire was an institution, and I did not attempt to remove it.

But after five years, clarinet left the valley, and began to feel symptoms of dissolution. Flute wouldn't play the air, it was so tame; and when remonstrated with withdrew and carried off tenor with him to the meeting. Still, we had a sturdy voice for the air, and the rural "master of song." But alas! the master, always fond of drink, became so uproarious that we were obliged to dismiss him. The crisis came when a stranger was taking duty for me. A new tune of Abel's own composing was to be sung, one full of eccentric turns and intricate distances. The choir made a start, quavered, and broke down. Abel sounded the note anew, and again they broke down; this time a pause, "Let us pray," said the officiating clerk, meekly, "Pray be blowed!" shouted Abel, "Let's try again." It was Abel's last Sunday of office.

For some Sundays we tried congregational singing, our one remaining voice, with the aid of a pitch-pipe, leading the tune; but by his by the congregation grew tired of a duty which had always devolved upon paid officials and many a tune was sung by old Jamie and the children—he with spectacles on nose and book in hand—while the other hand, hooked in his waistcoat, beat time on his breast to the tune; save when, in some pathetic verse, it was released to cuff some youngster who gave tongue too lustily, and didn't appreciate the "temper" of the strain. Then in our perplexity we procured a small barrel-organ which had seen service in a room used for dancing on week days, and service on Sundays. It was a peculiar instrument; the first time we tried it, it went off like a musical snuff box, and played all the tunes successively, including a valse and "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife." Earndale has not forgotten that Sunday yet. The wardens and sexton managed to carry it out (it was not large) into the churchyard, but even there it fired away tune after tune amid the snow and cold till all the machinery was unbound. Before the next Sunday we had it put in order, but it seldom went right. Sometimes the wires just elevated the keys enough to let a por-

tion of the wind into the pipes, producing mournful whines like key-hole music; sometimes, for want of pinning the barrel, it wound from one tune into another with marvellous dexterity; sometimes the wires were bent, and discord, harsh and strong, grunted and thundered in one line, while in the next, for half a line, was a vacuum of notes of any sort. At last we understood it better, and congregational singing in some sort actually was inaugurated.

Like most old churches Earndale had suffered under the beautifying fury of the eighteenth century; whitewash, a ceiling, large square pews—one description serves for all. Far be it from our sober criticism to join in the outcry against that age; what would have remained of our old churches without such "beautification"? At all events it preserved them to us, and probably in a more seemly state than they have been since the wars of the Roses.

Earndale church had suffered in the process; rood-screen, chancel, arch, reredos, were gone; some windows were square, some circular, some Grecian, and there was an urn in each corner, and a sun-dial over the door. We began to restore; and little by little replaced arch and screen and window, chancel and oak roof; seated the nave afresh, and quarreled over the seats, as churchmen will to eternity. We paid our bills. The church was a seemly one; and we began to think it was not quite the thing for the district chapel of Oatgate to glory in a finger organ, while we ground music on a barrel.

So we formed a committee, Farmer Jolly, our churchwarden, in the chair. We ordered a new organ—a handsome instrument; "plenty of music in it," was old Jolly's instruction to the builder. The subscriptions didn't quite make up the cost, but the committees never look at that insignificant item, and we resolved to open the organ with *eclat*, and have a collection.

A week or so before the day, a deputation of ladies of my parish called at the rectory with a mission to the rector. I am a man of simple and retired habits. I felt nervous on hearing it was a deputation of ladies, but was greatly relieved to read on the cards the names of Miss Fanny Penflower and Miss Bessy Floskin, two of the youngest young ladies in Earndale, both very musical, both pets of the rector from childhood—and knew it too. I suspected they had some deep scheme in their pretty heads, but all the same was infinitely glad that they, and not the widow, my lady Topsticks—who always talks on pathetic topics, goes to balls and can't come to church—or Miss Stiers, whose conversation is learned or religious—had been chosen to represent the ladies of Earndale. I don't think I abuse confidence if I say that all the pretty speeches they could frame and all the charming looks they could put on, were on that morning forthcoming, just to fathom the temper in which their errand would be received. They managed their mission adroitly. The ladies of Earndale, as I knew, were fond of music, and they had often heard me say that church music ought to be more cultivated than it is, and they wished very much—they were sure I should not object—to celebrate the opening of the organ with a choral service.

"Choral service!" exclaimed I, astonished, "and where is the quire to be found. You wouldn't have old Jamie and the school children attempt it?"

No; the ladies would undertake that duty, come and sit in the chancel, and sing all the responses. "And do you know, we have practiced so much, we can do it perfectly."

"But how can you manage," said I, "without male voices? Your small sweet notes will sound angelic, and all too unearthly."

"Oh, there's young Seabody, and half a dozen more, who have attended all the practices."

"I'll be bound they have. Why didn't you let me come, young ladies?"

"We wished to give you a surprise."

"And so you do," replied I.

"But really, now, if you will consent, we all wish it so; and it's only once! The Bishop can't write aggravating letters when all we want is to pass the day off creditably, and get a good subscription."

With such pure motives, urged by such lips, what could I do? Of course I yielded; and then, just as I had showed them round my garden, and gathered my most beautiful roses for them, and they were bidding me good-by—"And oh, Mr. —, I had almost forgot, will you intone the service?"

"No, no; I know better than that. What voice I might have had ten years ago was exhausted in lifting up, Sunday after Sunday, the category of the people's sins."

Then would I allow the curate of the new church, who sang tenor beautifully, to take the service.

O Earndale, how cruel! Here I had asked a dignitary to preach, and had a surprise, new starched and clean, lying in my study for my part: and to be

done out of it by two young ladies! and for that puppy Augustus Claghfern, in high-collared coat and cassock tie, just come from Oxford, and great at all the evening parties, and always followed Fanny Penflower! O Earndale! far better thy rector's wishes were not uttered then—not chronicled now. They were not clerical!

In the end they prevailed on me to let Augustus intone, and content myself with the lessons. There was, however, another party besides the rector to be won over, and that a party not so easily coaxed out of its whims and prejudices. At the head of it was Farmer Jolly; at the bottom of it—the soul of all the mischief it perpetrated—Miss Stiers. Rich and decided, she hated Puseyite ways, and old Jolly was persuaded we were all to become perverts to Romanism in the lump, against our will, just as the Sepoys fancied they were to be christianized surreptitiously by biting the greased cartridge. He came with reproachful civility, and lent me a folio book of Martyrs with pictures of the cruelties of the Inquisition. Mrs. Jolly gave me an account of a visit she made to hear such a choral service elsewhere, and couldn't abide it. "It had such a Popish twang in it—that way of doing the service." And the worst of it was, that I, the rector—no party to the thing, except by implication—had to soothe all the difficulties. Well, there was only one way. Lady Topsticks asked the Misses Jolly to one or two evening parties, and that quieted the Jollys; and Miss Stiers was, without much persuasion coaxed into a promise to attend a Penny Reading in the school-room in the evening of the day of our Festival, and to read herself—to a distinguished and educated audience, with all the pathos of a poetic soul—the laureate's last poem.

Then for a week, the church was thronged from morn to eve; all the ladies and young men came to decorate it. Large placards with suitable inscriptions were nailed and stuck round with flowers; the pillars wound with wreaths; the windows crowned with garlands; and primroses, cowslips, and every flower of spring, were gathered from the hedgerow, garden and greenhouse, and tastefully appropriated. The young gentlemen were very busy, and so were the young ladies. I fear their conduct was not exactly in all respects suitable to the place they worked in. But then, as Charley Seabody said: "How can you help Bonnie Bessie Floskin down the ladder, and only look good?"

At last the day was come. It was a beautiful morning. I went early in the dawn to the top of Earndale Sear, and watched the tide waves roll in under the early sunshine, flashing like the wings of a silver dove. Not a sign of rain. We were to have a fine May-day; and for a collection, let me tell you a fine day is no despicable power.

The service was at eleven, but long before eleven a large flag waving, and peals one after the other clashing out from the tower, reminded Earndale of what no one stood in danger of forgetting. As the time drew near carriage after carriage rolled up, clustered with fair faces, and dashing riders and visitors from the valley trooped in. Earndale for once was gay. There were carriages left standing without their horses on the green; there were little knots of well dressed people wandering about; there were the orderly lines of the school children, and disorderly crowds of the truants gathering round the nut-sellers, who brought their merchandise as near the temple as they dared; there was the organ builder—a proud man—come from London on purpose to be present, and to be paid; there was the dignitary in cassock and band; and Augustus, who stepped from a drag, arrayed in dusty canonical costume, with a square cap such as Earndale never spied before, and thought it some new fashion.

My duty required me to attend these gentlemen, so we proceeded through the churchyard full of on-lookers, and through the aisles, then beginning to fill; the churchwarden and sides men, busy, and anxious, and important, at a loss what to do with cantankerous Earndalers who would occupy their own seats that day, and not make room for full-pursed visitors.

In the chancel was our quire, as fair sight as ever was seen when men-singers and women-singers served the service of song in the temple. A row of ladies sat on each side, and the young fellows in white ties behind them; all of both sexes, I observed, (what I never saw before), for once looking serious.

I had objected to their processioning to their seats: country people might have mistaken it for another ceremony in which young ladies take part at the altar. Then in the vestry I was obliged to use strong language to induce Augustus to replace in the bag—a blue one like a brief bag—a stole of white satin with crosses of gold and scarlet beautifully inter-wrought, and with which he was tastefully arraying his lawn-enveloped shoulders.

Eleven o'clock! clash went the bells altogether in

a sudden explosion, and then were still, their several harmonic tones sobbing and dying away in dissonance. We salied forth, and the organ discoursed triumphant music.

Augustus was nervous; he didn't keep his note, and sometimes made desperate hits at distances, and only arrived within three-quarters of a tone. Then the quire was disconnected, only the organist picked them up so deftly that most people thought it was all right. The performance on the whole was creditable only it was nothing else but a performance. Old Jolly also made an ill-natured remark. His daughter Emily wondered how Mr. Augustus Cloughern could chant at all without his stole; "As if a tomcat couldn't purr without his tail. It was the ladies that dashed him."

After this, I thought we could have nothing but harmony in Earndale. Alas! three weeks had not passed before grim Miss Stiers (who had only the little boys and the rector for her audience) came with a long story of the wicked and profane doings of the choir. Charley Seabody had been seen by somebody who didn't attend to the service, busy with the golden gay ringlets of Fanny Peaflower (the little flirt! she knew Augustus couldn't be there on Sunday!) behind the organ curtain. Miss Stiers thought it atrocious. So did not I, but then I felt it a duty to say something, and put it to Charley whether he hadn't better sit away from the organ. "Oh, no, he was wanted to draw the stops;" and the young scamp went and told the whole parish that the rector was jealous, and stories and fables of every hue were concocted and circulated in consequence, and I had to request them both to sit with their mammas.

Then our volunteer organist began to quarrel, and some who could play wouldn't play; and others who couldn't play would play, and often-times hit the wrong keys, which cried lustily in reply, or made harmony with two fingers only, and oftentimes anything but harmony. At last, unkindest cut of all, came a letter from the Bishop. The proceedings in Earndale had for some time past occupied his attention; the flower decorations—the choral performance—the improper proceedings—and, in consequence, remarks of parishioners about the rector; and, what grieved his episcopal soul to the quick, the unauthorized practice of singing a response, which for generations Earndale had heard read. "Peccavi; peccavi," was all I could reply. "My new organ, instead of harmony, produced nothing but discord."

From that day I dare not think about music in Earndale, far less record my impressions. We have musical parties, but I shrink to the very farthest corner of the room, and dare not applaud Emily Jolly, or Fanny Peaflower, or Bessie Flo-skin, in a song, or express my abhorrence of bacchanalian glees, lest I should be saddled with personal feelings; and when on Sundays I hear the organ tapped like a piano forte, I groan to myself and wish for "the famous quire of Earndale," with its clarinet, flute and violoncello.

#### The Court Opera at Munich.\*

Opera, or musical drama, is, comparatively speaking, a new branch of art. If we take, in round numbers, the year 1600 as the year of its birth, not more than two centuries and a half have elapsed since its origin in Italy, from which we have to subtract fifty years for the rest of the world; for during those fifty years the novelty of the thing, the want of the necessary resources, and above all, the warlike condition of affairs monopolizing all the efforts of mankind, were obstacles to its introduction. Subsequently, moreover, till after the first half of the eighteenth century, this branch of art was an amusement in which only the more important Courts, and, at most rich towns, and these latter merely from time to time, or on especial occasions, could indulge. For a long period, Italians were the sole composers and singers of opera, and if any one wished to devote himself to it, he had to go through a course of study in Italy, and be acknowledged there before he could hope for recognition in his own country.

Apart from isolated attempts at national opera (such as the production of *Daphne*, words by Opitz, music by Heinrich Schütz, in 1627, at Dresden) it was in France that any permanent desire was first manifested to throw off the musical dominion of the Italians; and as early as from 1659 we find authors like Perrin, Quinault, T. Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Rousseau, La Grange, and La Motte, and composers like Cambert, Lully, Destouches, Campra, Rebel, Quinault, junior, Batini, Rameau, Mondomville, Rousseau, and others, busily engaged in founding a French opera, which, however, for a long period was still intended only for the entertainment of the Court. It was a considerable time be-

fore Germany and England persistently followed in the same path, and not till after the commencement of the 19th century that German opera, more particularly, in the wake of that of France, worked itself up to a state of independence, which, however, has yet to struggle with the influence of the Italians. Meanwhile, the spoken as well as the musical drama has become the common property of all civilized nations, and every little town of 10,000 souls wants its regular theatre, where it may enjoy both dramatic and operatic performances. This is not the place to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the over-propagation of these kinds of amusements; so much, however, appears certain; the internal development of musically dramatic art has reached a goal or turning point where we are impelled to render our present position clear by a serious retrospect of what has been effected, and of the gradual course of development. A comprehensive, general, and thorough history of opera is altogether wanting, and it will be impossible for such history to be produced till the necessary materials, in the shape of the operatic history of each separate country, are collected. Very gratifying activity in this respect has lately been manifested in Germany. Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, and other leading cities, have found industrious men to search through the theatrical archives, the libraries, and other sources of information of a former age, collecting, arranging, and elucidating, more or less aesthetically or historically, the results of their labors, and thus producing a picture of the course of development and of what has been done. In this way, we shall some day be enabled to obtain a survey of what has been effected by the whole of Germany; to write a comprehensive history of opera there; and, finally, by comparing such a history with those of other civilized states, to arrive at the history of opera generally.

As we have observed, we are still engaged in the preliminary labor only; whoever, therefore, successfully works at this produces something which is needed, and which is worthy of appreciation and imitation. Looking at the matter in this light, we heartily welcome the present publication by Herr Rudhart, which undertakes to describe in a connected form, for the first time, the fortunes of the opera at the Court of Munich. The first part now before us embraces the period from 1654 to 1787, and relates exclusively to the Italian operas given at the Elector's Court—the succeeding period and the history of German opera being reserved for the future portion of the work. Any one who has been engaged in similar researches will know how to appreciate properly the diligence displayed by Herr Rudhart. That gentleman has brought to light several facts hitherto unknown; corrected many errors; and, on the whole, furnished a connected narrative that enables us to form a satisfactory idea of the operatic affairs of the period. The want of previous works, and the difficulty of discovering the scattered materials, excuse, for the most part, the incompleteness of the book. We should have fancied, however, that with a fair expenditure of time, the author might have found other rich sources of information in addition to the old accounts of the Electoral Treasury and the Royal Library. Lipowsky, the author of the *Bavarian Musical Lexicon*, may possibly have made many incorrect or inexact assertions, but we can scarcely imagine that so many titles of operas and names of authors were pure fictions of his own. Lipowsky, without doubt, was acquainted with, and availed himself of, other sources of information than those consulted by Herr Rudhart, and the discovery of them should be an essential condition of all fresh labors in the same field. Such researches cannot, however, be made during a leave of absence of a few months only from official duties, but demand uninterrupted attention and a system of following up every trace discovered accidentally or intentionally for half a life. Herr Rudhart is modest enough to acknowledge the incompleteness of his production and to leave for more fortunate investigators the task of supplying its deficiencies. We will not, therefore, quarrel with him any longer for not allowing himself sufficient time to prosecute his own investigations further.

The love of art entertained by the reigning house of Bavaria is exhibited in a brilliant light in the descriptions before us. The Electors bestowed great attention and expended considerable sums upon opera and music generally. Among the successors of Orlando Lasso there are celebrated *Capellmeister* and composers, encouraged and distinguished by liberal salaries, titles, and splendid presents. The catalogue of solo singers contains the names of many of the most famous artists of the day; we may, as examples cite those of Faustina Bordoni, Antonio Bernacchi, Luigi Marchesi; Anton Raaf, and Valentino Adamberger (Adamonte).

Musical biographers will find many interesting facts in Herr Rudhart's book, especially con-

cerning the lives and compositions of the *Capellmeister* Jakob Porro, Jos. Kaspar Kerl, Ercole Bernabei, Gius. Anton Bernabei, Pietro Torri, Giovanni Porta, Andrea Bernasconi, and Paolo Grua; and as many concerning the best singers of the period. Especially valuable are the details relating to the clever composer and eminent organist, Jos. Kasper Kerl. We will take the liberty, however, of correcting some trifling inaccuracies. Giov. Valentini, Imperial *Capellmeister*, did not die in 1630, but in 1656, at Vienna. Kerl, therefore, can very well have been his pupil. Neither the opera *L'Oronte*, by Kerl, or any opera of that name, was ever given in Vienna. It is true that *L'Oronte*, "dramma musicale in tre atti, poesia di B. Giacinto Andrea Gicognini, musica di Filippo Vismarri," was produced at the Imperial Court, Vienna, in 1660, but even the book is quite different from that of the *Oronte*, performed in 1657, at Munich, as may be seen by consulting Allacci's *Drammaturgia* and the *libretto* preserved in the Imperial Library. Kerl was greatly esteemed in Vienna as an organist, but no dramatic compositions by him were ever brought out there. Perhaps he tried to secure Valentini's place after the latter's decease. Antonio Bertali, however, was appointed *Capellmeister* to the Court, and the prospect of this fact may have been the reason of Kerl's leaving Vienna the same year (1656) and entering the Electoral service.

To the particulars given by Herr Rudhart concerning the celebrated Faustina Bordoni, we will simply add that she appeared at Vienna as far back as 1717. We find that she sang the comic part of Grilletta in an intermezzo (to the opera of *Sesostris*). Subsequently, in the years 1725 and 1726, she was regularly engaged in Vienna. Among her best parts were Semiramide, in *Semiramide in Ascalone*, by Ap. Zeno and Caldara; Lucinde, in *Venceslao*, by the same; Juno, in *Giunone placata*, by Jos. Fux; and Gianibis in *Spartaco*, by Pasquini and Porsi.

It is not practicable for us to follow the author into every detail, supplying omissions or correcting errors. We must leave this task to his own well-proved zeal and to those who are more interested in the affairs and resources of the Bavarian capital. We will only express our regret that, when he comes to speak of Mozart's two operas, *La finta Giardiniera* (1775), and *Idomeneo* (1781), Herr Rudhart is too modest, and refers his readers principally to Jahn's *Mozart-Biographie*, which, however, is not accessible to every one. Munich may be proud of having been the cause of these two works being written and of having been the first to have them performed.

Again expressing our sincere gratitude, and begging the author speedily to continue and complete his work, we must, at the same time, add the hope that he will procure the aid of some friend conversant with foreign languages. Frequent errors in foreign proper names, and in the titles of foreign operas, offend the reader's eye, and sometimes distort the sense.

#### Musical Gossip.

FOREIGN.

**L'AFRICAINÉ.**—In a letter from Paris, dated Aug. 30, we find the following, which, we suspect, expresses the truth with regard to Paris, however it may be as to the opera in question.

The *Africaine* has reached its fiftieth representation and there seems no abatement in the attraction. I can understand this, even when bearing in mind the different kinds of reception awarded by the Parisians to *Guillaume Tell* and *La Juive*. Love of good music and its thorough appreciation has nothing whatever to do with the success of the *Africaine* at the Grand Opera. Had the music been better than the *Huguenots*, or worse than *Almanzor*, or *Marguerite d'Anjou*, the fate of the *Africaine* would have been precisely the same. The French have very sensitive ears, and the melodies of *Guillaume Tell* must have pre-possessed them in a strong degree. Moreover, the opera was written for them, and their nationality was strongly appealed to. Besides, their great tenor, Nourrit, was powerful in his part, and made a new reputation for himself. Nevertheless, it is well-known that Rossini's magnificent work, which to hear once to most listeners is awakening a new feeling for music in the soul, had a mere *succès d'estime* at first, and nearly drove Rossini frantic with chagrin. Now all the praise lavished on the music of the *Africaine* seems to me to be paid indirectly to the man and not the work. I believe the *Africaine* to be utterly beyond the Parisian sensibilities, and think that, had it been given out as the composition of any other composer—excepting M. Halevy, whom the Parisians, if they dare give vent to their feelings, would proclaim the greatest of dramatic composers—it would have been received with indifference. But the

\* Geschichte der Oper am Hofe zu München, etc., von Fr. Rudhart. Erster Thiel. Franz Datterer, Freising.—From the Vienna Recensionen.

musical public of Paris are deeply indebted to Meyerbeer. He made their city the stronghold of his genius, he produced all his great works there; he died there, and bequeathed his last masterpiece to their care and affection. Do they accept the legacy as a treasure? They admit as much, but I do not believe them. They are bound to praise and support the *Africaine*, but the music is above them, and is a little too comprehensive for their Gallic levities. The *Africaine*, nevertheless, even though it were deprived of Parisian prestige, would make its way with the artistic world. Not only every opera house of note in Europe is desirous to produce it, but negotiations are at this moment pending to have it brought out at the principal lyric theatres in America, North and South. The transatlantic impresario, M. Grau, has arrived in Paris expressively to engage a company to perform Meyerbeer's *Africaine* in New Orleans, in Chicago, and Havanna. M. Maratzek, the noted American manager, is likewise here with the intention of organizing a troupe to play the *Africaine* at New York and Boston. The Parisians, of course, will assert that all the excitement originated with them, and to a certain extent they will be right. I will not withhold from the devil his due, but that business of *Gigliame Tell* and the *Juive* sticks in my throat like Macbeth's "Amen."

**ENCORE LISZT!** (says the same letter writer). I read in a local journal that Monsignor Liszt's oratorio *Sainte-Elisabeth* was produced on the 15th of August, at Pesth, under the direction of the composer. The oratorio was received with boundless acclamations, and the friends of the abbé-pianist are ready to swear on any lawful testament, that Handel and Mendelssohn are forthwith utterly extinguished. The first part especially of the new oratorio seems to have created an immense sensation. Much stress is laid on a chorus of children and a duet for Elisabeth and the Margrave—I am writing in the dark—which roused the audience to the highest enthusiasm; the second part had not so *éclatant* a reception; but the Lisztonians affirm that it is too sublime for ordinary comprehension. On the second day of the festival the Abbé's "Dante" Symphony was performed, with what result the journals do not state. Liszt has donned the clerical costume, perambulates the streets of Pesth as Abbé proper, much to the delectation of the little boys and the vendors of fruits.

**SIGNOR GIUGLINI.**—The *Diritto* of the 25th ult. gives the following sad account of the great tenor's state of mind:—"Poor Giuglini; the first physicians have examined him, and there remains no longer the least hope of his cure. This famous tenor, who held so long the first rank at her Majesty's Theatre, has still, indeed, a ray now and then of reason, but it is only of short duration. Three days ago two Italian gentlemen whom he had known at Milan came to see him at the house of the doctor, who had the care of him. Giuglini was sitting upon a couch, in a dressing-gown, with a portion of *Faust* in his hands. When they entered, the great singer rose to meet them, grasped them by the hand, and spoke for twenty minutes about London, Paris, Naples, and Milan. During the conversation he expressed himself with clearness and good sense, and nobody would have thought the unhappy man was mad. No sooner, however, did one of the Italians pronounce the words 'St. Petersburg,' than his eyes began to glister and stare, and he said in a strange tone to his old friends, 'Will you go to the opera to-night? I will find you seats.' The Italians humored him, and said, 'Yes,' whereupon he gave them each a chair, and went out of the apartment. By-and-by he returned in the costume of Gennaro, and sang in his own sweet manner the romance, 'Anch' io provai le tenere.' Then he went on all alone to give the last scene; his chest heaved, his face lit up with pleasure; his voice, plaintive with sighs, struck pity to the mind as he sang, with extraordinary tenderness, the words—

'Madre, se ognor lontano  
Vissi dal materno seno,  
A lui m'unica Idio.'

After that he stood up to his full height for a moment, his arms grew rigid, and he fell flat like a man struck by lightning. The medical attendant was summoned directly, and found Giuglini in a state of the most complete prostration; nor from that time has he, as yet, recognized any one.

**BASLE.**—The first performance of Bach's *Matt-hus-Passion* in Switzerland took place on the 16th June, before a very numerous assembly in the Minister here, and was extraordinarily successful. This fact is tantamount to the conversion of the great mass of the public, who have been previously unable to free themselves from the prejudice entertained against

Bach's "learned style." It is true that a great step was taken, in 1861, towards this consummation, when the Vocal Union gave a performance of the *Johannis-Passion*. The greatest amount of praise is due to Herr Stockhausen and Schneider, who were exceedingly good. The other vocal solo parts were entrusted to local artists.

**VIENNA.**—Cherubini's celebrated opera *Les Deux Journées* has been produced here with great success. Herr Beck distinguished himself in the principal character. Mlle. Ilma de Murska made her *entrée* at the Court theatre in Mozart's *Seraglio*.

**COLOGNE.**—Herr M. Ernst has lately published a summary of what has been done at the Stadttheater, from the time he assumed the management, on the 16th September, 1863, up to the end of the last winter season, that is, the 1st May, 1865. During this period there were 352 operatic representations, at which 58 operas were performed, 7 of them being novelties here. In addition, there was one operetta played. Of these performances, 303 were given in Cologne; 39 in Bonn; and 10 in Aix-la-Chapelle. The German operas were: *Fidelio*, 14 times, Beethoven.—*Loreley* (new), 15 times, Max Bruch.—*Martha*, 6 times; *Stradella*, 3 times, Flotow.—*Der Deserter*\* (new), 3 times, Ferdinand Heller.—*Das Nachtlager*, 8 times, Kreutzer.—*Böse Nachbarin* (new operetta), 5 times, Klerr.—*Czaar und Zimmerman*, 8 times; *Undine* (with new scenery), 25 times, Lortzing.—*Hans Helling*, 5 times, Marschner.—*Les Huguenots*, 10 times; *Robert le Diable*, 5 times; *Le Prophète*, 5 times, Meyerbeer.—*Don Juan*, 15 times; *Zauberflöte*, 6 times; *La Nozze di Figaro*, 10 times; *Belmonte und Constanza*, once, W. A. Mozart.—*Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, 7 times, Otto Nicolai.—*Jessonda*, 5 times, Spohr.—*Tannhäuser*, twice; *Cola di Ricci* (new), 3 times, Richard Wagner.—*Der Freischütz*, 15 times; *Euryanthe*, twice; *Öberon* (with new scenery), 23 times, C. M. von Weber.

The French and Italian operas represented were: *Gustave*, 3 times; *La Muette de Portici*, 8 times; *Le Maçon*, twice; *Fra Diavolo*, 7 times, Auber.—*Norma*, 3 times; *I Puritani*, once; *La Sonnambula*, once, Bellini.—*La Dame Blanche*, 8 times, Boieldieu.—*Les Deux Journées*, 8 times, Cherubini.—*Lalla Rookh* (new) 6 times, Félicien David.—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, 5 times; *Lucrezia Borgia*, 3 times; *La Fille du Régiment*, 3 times; *Don Sebastian* (new), twice, Donizetti.—*Faust*, 16 times, Gounod.—*La Juive*, 17 times; *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, 5 times, Halevy.—*Zampa*, once, Hérold.—*Joseph en Egypte*, 6 times, Méhul.—*Les Dragons de Villars*, twice; *Lara* (new), 10 times, Maillart.—*Rhein-Nixen* (new), twice; *Orpheus in der Unterwelt*, 10 times, Offenbach.—*Il Barbier*, 6 times; *Guillaume Tell*, 9 times; *Otello*, 3 times, Rossini; *Il Trovatore*, 17 times; *Rigoletto*, 6 times, Verdi.

**LONDON.** After midsummer, and after the musical season proper, follows the *Mel(l)on* season,—about the only fruit of much importance yielded by this corner of the musical field in the months of August and September. The *Times* man, bound to be on hand in season and out of season, reports as follows.

Mr. Alfred Mellon is keeping up the good custom, instituted by the late M. Jullien, of devoting occasional evenings to the works of the great masters. Not long since the whole first part of the concert was absorbed by Mendelssohn, from whose compositions were selected the descriptive overture, *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, suggested by one of Goethe's poems; the first pianoforte concerto, the "Munich Concerto" as Mendelssohn himself used to call it, played with wonderful vigor by little Fräulein Marie Krebs, the "Lady of the Curteseys;" the romance called "The first Violet," sung by Mlle. Liebhardt; and the overture and incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—as rich a programme as could have possibly been made out. Later, Mr. Mellon gave what he called a "Gounod night." On this occasion the first part was exclusively taken up by music chosen from the works of the admired composer of *Faust*.

Though by no means a Mendelssohn, M. Gounod has quite sufficient variety to sustain the interest of an entire section of a concert programme; and this was shown in the result. The selection from Gounod comprised the overture to *La Médecin malgré lui*; the Pageant March from *La Reine de Saba*; the "Meditation" on J. S. Bach's first Prelude—Second Symphonny (in E flat)—an early work. On Thursday night it was the turn of Beethoven, whose name exercised the accustomed spell, and, as usual, attracted a vast multitude of amateurs. The programme contained

only one piece with which Mr. Mellon's supporters were unlikely to be more or less familiar. This was the overture to *King Stephen*, which on account of its light, sparkling, and agreeable character, would, if often heard, be tolerably sure of becoming popular. It was played not merely with vigor, but with a nice attention to detail that showed how thoroughly Mr. Mellon must have made himself master of the score. The concert began with the Pastoral Symphony, "re-pents" excepted, given without curtailment and finely given from end to end. The concerto was the fifth and last of the pianoforte series—the one in E flat, which, among compositions of its class, stands alone and unapproachable. No symphony excels in grandeur and variety this truly marvellous inspiration. Mlle. Marie Krebs played the pianoforte part with extraordinary spirit, point, and intelligence, combined with an execution no less brilliant than accurate. At the conclusion she was overwhelmed with applause, and afterwards unanimously called back to the orchestra. There was only one vocal piece—the plaintive air of Marcellina, from *Fidelio*, sung with genuine and unaffected expression by Mlle. Liebhardt, who in almost every style of music seems to be more or less at home.

For Monday evening Mr. Mellon announces a "Selection" from Meyerbeer's last grand opera, the *Af-*

*ricaine*, arranged by himself. The first part of Thursday's programme was devoted to works by Haydn and Weber. Perhaps no other two masters that could be named have so little in common; but as both were men of original genius, the combination seemed all the more attractive. The first piece was the symphony containing the characteristic *andante* known as the "Clock Movement," on account of a rhythmic peculiarity in the accompaniment recalling the measured beat of a pendulum. The last was the fiery and impetuous overture to *Euryanthe*. With Mlle. Maria Krebs at hand, the brilliant *Concertstück* in F was, as a matter of course, expected, in a selection from Weber's music. And most brilliantly it was played, from first to last, by the gifted and indefatigable little pianist, who took the first and last "allegros" at bravura speed, and whose spirit and energy never for one instant flagged.

None were surprised, though all were gratified, at hearing some of Haydn's delightful canzonets, in a selection from Haydn's works. Madame Krebs Michaleski chose two of the most beautiful of these gems of expressive melody—"She never told her love," and the "Mermaid." She sang them both remarkably well, her correct pronunciation of the English language being as worthy notice as her unaffected style. Madame Krebs was supported at the pianoforte by her clever daughter, who had to transpose the somewhat florid accompaniment of the "Mermaid." An air from one of Weber's operas was equally a *sine qua non*; and the one selected by Mlle. Liebhardt—the last of Annchen's two songs in *Der Freischütz*—was exactly the sort of thing to please the audience. Rarely has Mlle. Liebhardt sung with more spirit and vivacity. She gave quite a dramatic reading of the air, and fairly enlivened her hearers. Called back unanimously, she had no option but to repeat the quick movement. Altogether, the Haydn-Weber selection was a musical treat of the highest order.

The Orchestra has been waging war against the "Monster Concert" system, singling out for especial reprobation Mr. Howard Glover, composer of English operas and songs, and musical critic of the *Morning Post*, his articles in which have been distinguished for learning, fine discrimination, and earnest pleading for high art. But he was tempted to follow in the wake of Jullien, Benedict, and others, and perform the monstrous while he preached the legitimate. The storm raised about it succeeded in ousting him from the critical chair. But it is now stated that he has been recalled on condition that he will be a good boy in future, give no more monster concerts, and not write songs for singers—a queer branch of trade among the musical profession in London, innocent and proper as the thing would seem to be.

The Orchestra says "The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* has just found out that we have had a Handel Festival in England!" We wonder how long it will take the London Orchestra to find out that we have had a whole week's Festival of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., in Boston, on a scale at least comparable to that of Birmingham! It is careful never to find out such things about "the Yankees"; but it makes a show (now and then) of keep-

ing its readers informed of musical doings in America, and is very careful always to select only the most trivial things and ignore all that is of any artistic importance in our musical record. It will tell of our Ethiopian Minstrels and say nothing of our Oratorios and Symphonies. Suppose that we should limit our summary of English musical intelligence to the "Music Halls," and be *meum* about the Philharmonics, Charles Halle, Covent Garden Opera, &c.!

## DOMESTIC.

**WORCESTER, MASS.** We copy the following from the *Spy* of the 21st, partly as an item of local news, but more for its wholesome sentiment:

**MUSIC, FLORID AND OTHERWISE—ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER**—Emerson, after beholding Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, exclaimed—"What quantity!" He might exclaim again at the dresses and adornments of our women, at our exaggeration in everything, in art, in literature, in sentiment, and almost in philanthropy. Even music is disesteemed unless noisy and florid to the extremity of human possibility. An orchestra without abundance of brass is tame now-a-days. Organs must be built of proportions sufficiently huge to fill nearly beyond endurance enormous public halls, which are themselves monstrous exaggerations. The pitch of music has been constantly going up to furnish the occasion and the necessity for that sort of shouting and bellowing which passes for vocalization. In fact one may go the rounds of the concert halls and the academies (!) of music without hearing much that deserves to be called singing, and what little there is not only fails to elicit applause but is esteemed insipid and tiresome. Neither in song nor in symphony is the music allowed to speak for itself, to display its own inherent strength or weakness. Intensity of sound, volume of noise make feebleness of meaning pass for more than its value.

When Rossini, the great Italian master, began to compose for the stage, he found the performers addicted to the habit of embellishing the music with superfluous ornaments, wherein they were able to make a display of their own special gifts, necessarily, for the most part, sacrificing the author to their own glory. A just taste prompted him to undertake the reform of this abuse. He accordingly wrote such embellishments as were fit and proper, and strictly forbade any other. Decidedly, vocal music reached its culmination in this man. No author before or since has written so well in general for the voice. His would-be imitators, like all imitators, have gone beyond the model, and so nourished the very vice which he did so much to eradicate. Since he has left the field of dramatic composition, there has grown up a false and meretricious style, which excites only disgust in minds possessed of a pure taste. The opera has become an affair of diamonds, white kids, and extravagance in dress generally, as well as of powerful lungs and exaggerated sentiment. Still there are a few who have not bowed the knee to this modern Baal, and that portion of them who reside in Worcester and vicinity are, as we are happy to learn, to be gratified with hearing one of the most interesting of the works of this extraordinary genius, to be performed by the Hamilton Club of this city, on Friday evening of next week. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is the feast to which the public are invited.

CROWDED OUT—all the rest.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 30, 1865.

## Music in Boston.

**ORGAN CONCERTS.** Throughout the summer, and still continued every Wednesday and Saturday noon and every Sunday evening, the performances on the Great Organ at the Music Hall have furnished thus far about the only public music of much account as music,—that is to say, as Art. The organ front has recently been cleaned, so that all shines again, enhancing the attraction as an object of sight. The attendance, for such quiet and frequent occasions, has been larger than in past seasons, and indeed seems steadily increasing at a moderate rate. The veteran con-

cert-goer is more and more struck by two things: first, the very silent, respectful and intently engaged aspect of the audience; all seem to look and listen with profound interest, and indeed with wonder; for, in the second place, you are struck also by the absence of familiar faces; these are audiences of strangers, summer visitors who seek out the "lions" of the "hub;" a totally new set of faces every time. We ought to know the musical faces of our city pretty well by this time; yet it is literally a fact that in twenty odd visits to the Music Hall, with the exception of a few listening organists, directors, &c., our eyes have scarcely once lit upon a person whom we knew even by sight. It seems to show that the attraction of the Organ contradicts the law of gravitation, at all events is not *inversely* as the squares of the distances. But it is also clear that whoever is drawn into its sphere enjoys being there and turns his back on it reluctantly; these pilgrimages are in almost every instance (with just exceptions enough to prove the rule) acknowledged satisfactory and rewarding. The greater is the wonder, therefore, that our own people, those who live under the very shadow of this grand temple of exhaustless harmonies, should appear so indifferent to the rare privilege of having "in their midst" one of the greatest, possibly the most perfect, organ in the world, with constant opportunities of hearing plenty both of the real and great organ music (Bach, &c.) and of the lighter and more fantastical sort. But Boston people are like most others, with their multifarious occupations, careless of opportunities which are thoroughly secured and anchored within reach, and which seemingly have lost their novelty. Seemingly only; for in truth the only intrinsic real novelty is that which lies latent in a great thing and requires time and perpetual revisiting to bring it out and realize it. There is more novelty for us in Bach, or Shakespeare, if we will only seek for it, than in the whole music and poetry of to-day and yesterday, and very likely of to-morrow. Genius is always new, always has a new side or phase for us; whereas mere novelty-seeking talent only succeeds in producing fashions, momentary shows, passing effects, and never any thing new, because never anything lasting. He lives the newest, freshest, richest life from day to day, he enjoys the most of novelty, who does not run away from the familiar and the old merely because it has stood within reach (outwardly) for some time already. He has seen it, listened to it, but has he even begun to know it? In fact all that he knows of it is the outward announcement of it, and what he is running after is not new things, but only new announcements. Most of the pleasure-seeking, in music as in all things, is only a perpetual reading of new advertisements, seldom a taking of the thing home to one's own heart and soul.

Now these Organ Concerts are very quiet occasions; to our own citizens there is of course no bustle and excitement about them, no fashionable crowd, no rare display. He that goes to them often, goes as quietly as he would walk into his own garden, or sit at his own window letting his soul fill with the sunset. He sits as if alone, or in sympathetic quiet with a few, and is soothed, is filled, is roused and lifted up by sweet or glorious music. He has left the crowd, the bustle and the glitter of the world and quietly slipped into a temple where, by the ministration of tones,

he may enter into communion with what is holiest, purest, sweetest, freest, most eternal in his own soul. The great utterances of Bach, the tender breathings of the soul of Mendelssohn, even many of the sweet and strangely varied combinations of the lighter modern organ music, offer him this opportunity; and be the composer who he may, from Bach to Gounod or Batiste, there is no organ in the world better suited to do justice to his thought. Our organists, too, young and earnest, constantly improving, are well up to the level of their task both in the "classical" and in the "light." Be it understood, however, that we do not cease to quarrel with the policy which assigns a larger, or even an equal share to the "light." Real organ music, such as Bach wrote greater and more inexhaustible than all writers since, is the kind which most satisfies and edifies in the long run. The organists of late have commonly given him a respectful place in their programmes; some have devoted their attention largely to him. But it is still not a very creditable comment on the administration of the Organ, that such an organist, such a devout disciple and interpreter of Bach as Mr. Paine, and so musician-like and clever withal in his own productions, should have been called upon to play just once during the entire summer, while all the others play continually. The only motive can be that he will not compromise the dignity of the instrument and of the artist in the matter of his programmes; and that, we say, is not a creditable motive. We shall be too happy to learn that we are mistaken in this imputation. Mr. Paine has played once, Sept. 2nd. The audience seemed about as large and as attentive as any, although his own peculiar audience (many of the most earnest music-lovers of Boston and Cambridge, who make it a point to go when he plays) were not visible, that class being particularly fond of mountains and seashore at this season. He played first the noble Fantasia in G by Bach, which Mr. Lang first introduced at these concerts, and to which one can never weary of listening, it is so full and deep in the principal *Grave* movement, and so exquisitely led in and led out by the airy arpeggio passage at the beginning and end. Then two of the Choral Variations (or *Vorspiele*): "Nun kommt der Heiden Heiland" and "Freuet euch, ihr Christen alle!", which are among the most poetic and full of deep, tender piety of all the forms in which Bach loved to write. Then a Sonata by Ritter,—not the one with variations on the Dutch national hymn, but a new one and a far nobler one in E minor (op. 19), one of the best additions to the repertoire of late. Then followed a *Pastorale* from Spohr's Historical Symphony; some extremely interesting selections from a MS. Mass of Mr. Paine's (contralto solo and chorus, *Qui tollis*, with orchestra oblique, and choral fugue: *In gloria Dei Patris, Amen!*) Finally an improvisation, in which a dignified theme was really treated, the thing developing into the unity of a composition worth preserving. In all this Mr. P. displayed the noblest powers of the full organ in a masterly manner, while there was no lack of tasteful and expressive alternation upon softer stops.

We could not keep the run of all the concerts, and can only make a few more notes, limiting ourselves to the present month. Mr. LANG has given us on various occasions, of Bach: that same Fantasia in G, a Concerto in G (three compara-

tively small movements), and the lovely Pastorale in F; of Mendelssohn: that third Sonata (in A), which he has made so peculiarly his own, transcriptions of March in *Athalia*, of *Nocturne* in Midsummer Night's Dream music, and overture to the same; of Beethoven, the Quartet in *Fidelio*; of Weber, *Oberon* overture: of Meyerbeer, the *Dinorah* overture, which lends itself well to his very felicitous tact in fanciful and delicate combinations and contrasts of stops; he makes really quite a poetic and romantic little dream of it. All these things he has played repeatedly before, but he always offers some new shade of refinement in the treatment, more especially the coloring. His one new thing, and about his most remarkable effort in the way of transcription, has been his arrangement of themes from *Tannhäuser*.

Mrs. FROHOCK has played Bach's great *Passacaglia* (we take for granted it was the great one in C minor), Prelude in E flat, and one or two Fugues; Mendelssohn's Sonata, No. 6, and Prelude and Fugue in C minor: an Andante and *Jesu bone Pastor* by Mozart; some selections from Haydn's Symphonies and "Creation;" a Handel chorus or two; Variations by Rink, *Pastorale* from "Tell," &c. This lady is more and more recognized as one of the sterling organists, and certainly she is most enterprising and in earnest. Boston must keep her.

Mr. WHITING has played a wide variety. Among other things (we have not all the programmes at hand), the glorious Bach *Toccata* in F; one of Schumann's Fugues on "B.A.C.H." Paine's Star-spangled Banner Variations. (handsome on Mr. W.'s part): selections from Beethoven (*Eymont* overture, Symphony and Sonata movements); a Pastorale, and Variations on the English national air "America;" selections from Meyerbeer, Rossini (*Cujus animam*), Donizetti, Welv, &c. His playing is much admired.

Mr. WILLCOX has played once this month, and never were we more impressed by the graceful facility with which he commands the stops and changes of the instrument. Very effective and artistic in their way were his renderings of a *Gloria* by Hummel, a brilliant Offertoire by Batiste, larger in its conception than most of those things, and the sparkling little *Zanetta* overture, which, though child's play for the organ, is very pretty child's play; also his improvisation on the 8th Gregorian Tone.—Mr. HENRY CARTER, also, has played once.

**SACRED THEATRE CONCERTS** (left-handed and otherwise). There were queer doings at the Boston Theatre last Sunday evening, in the shape of a so-called "Sacred Concert," designed, it appears, not only to "inaugurate" the musical season, but also to fix the permanent headquarters of Boston music at the aforesaid temple of Tragedy, Comedy and Sensation Spectacle, and compel it to take its key-note and character from the tone of that institution. That is to say, Mr. Jarrett, the enterprising and popular manager, has got an uncommonly good theatrical orchestra this season, larger and more select than is usual in theatres, with a smart conductor for the light, brilliant style of mere amusement music in Mr. KOPPITZ, who plays piccolo solos in his conductor's chair to the immense delight of the multitude; an orchestra, equipped with an excellent bassoon, which —ton has strangely lacked, and excellent instruments altogether; the pure and brilliant sonority of the band, and smart, clear execution, is rather remarkable. Certainly a very creditable piece of liberal

theatre management. But now, to utilize this orchestral material to the utmost, besides furnishing a nice little light concert as it were every night between the acts of the drama, what does our manager do? Why he conceives the idea of "inaugurating" an indefinite if not interminable series of Sunday Evening Concerts in his theatre, with Herr Koppitz and his orchestra enlarged to fifty (including "the best talent of Boston and New York"), with Mr. JAMES M. WEHLI, the wonderfully brilliant *prestidigitateur* of the piano, for central attraction, and a number of singers: Miss ANNA GRANGER, soprano, Mr. D. B. WYLIE, a smooth voiced tenor, attached to the theatre, and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, the basso. All this, we presume, was carried out to the letter of the announcement. It was called a *Sacred* concert to conciliate the law; but how far it was *sacred* in intention, or even elevated in an intellectual and artistic sense may be judged from the programme, which we presume also was carried out to the letter.

The opening overture was that to Wallace's *Lure*, or *Loreley*—neither subject nor composer interesting to a very serious mood of mind. Then came a couple of vocal solos belonging to the smaller order of religious compositions, just sacred enough for an excuse; viz. a *Tantum Ergo* by Mercadante and an *Ave Maria* by Gounod, with such accompaniment as to make it evident that Gounod's melody put upon Bach's little harpsichord Prelude is what was meant. Then appeared Mr. Wehl and played his pretty "Trembling Leaves" (all of a sacred tremor, we suppose) and his sacred "Bacchanales"—sacred of course, to Bacchus, also to the Money gods. Part II began with a "jubilee overture" by Flotow, who wrote *Martha*; we cannot say it was not profoundly religious, as we were not there to hear. Then a vocal trio from Haydn's "Creation," which was well enough, if only well enough sung, as we presume it was. The services were continued with a piece of left-handed worship, Mr. Wehl solemnly officiating with that wonderful left hand of his, which is always trying to beat both hands, and doing it, to the delight and admiration of all the "European and American Press," as duly set forth in glowing paragraph upon the concert bills, in his celebrated *Lucia* Fantasia. After the vast congregation had had a little time to recover from the great strain and excitement of this strange spiritual exercise, probably "without its equal" in a Methodist revival meeting, a *Salve Regina*, composed by one Lechner, was blown on three trumpets, orchestra accompanying. Then came the Benediction, or perhaps Ascription, after the following formula: "Tender and true, Adieu!" being a song composed by Alfred H. Pense. And finally the congregation were "played out" in torchlight procession, by the orchestra to the tune of Meyerbeer's *Fockellonz*. Such, it seems, was the very interesting service which it was our misfortune and that of many of our neighbors, last Sunday evening to lose. Now a few comments, by way of "improvement."

1. We have no objection to Sacred Concerts in any true sense of the word. We have no objection to Concerts—any kind of Concerts which we would not equally object to at all times—on Sunday evenings. But we do object to calling a concert sacred, when it has nothing sacred in it, and is chiefly made up of the lightest sort of *ad captandum* musical pastime. Such minnows are demoralizing; to some extent all religious *profession* is so, or is in danger of becoming so. The most sacred experiences are those which we do not practice nor profess. But now, in sober earnest, properly considered, all really noble, deep, inspired, great music is sacred; that is, it harmonizes with the deepest, finest chords, the most spiritual experiences, the most divine aspirations of our nature; it speaks to the ideal and unselfish part of us; it emancipates the soul from the slavery of worldly cares, protects it from frivolous distractions, supplying real nutriment instead, lifts us nearer God and gives us a realizing sense of the soul's high, immortal destiny. Surely this cannot be said of all music; least of all, of the music which is merely made to display execution, to astonish by technical brilliancy, dealing in tricks of effect and not in meanings of Art. It can be said of the Symphonies of Beethoven, the great works of Bach and Handel and all the masters down.

Nobody's religious feeling can the hearing of such music possibly disturb or postpone, unless the composition is spoiled by some vanity in the rendering. On the contrary, such music is in complete and strengthening accord with all that the religious nature craves and strives for. Therefore we really know of no better way in which a Sunday evening could be spent, than in listening to *good* music in this sense. But we would not have it called "Sacred," because that at once taints it with a sanctimonious or a false profession. The term sacred in music has its technical and accepted sense; let it be kept to that; it means music written and intended for the church, or for some religious service or occasion. To the more trivial kind of music we have no objection at any time, when it does not take the place of anything better, provided that it does not abridge the opportunities of higher music, and provided that we are not obliged to hear it unless we happen to be in the mood for it. We think Mr. Jarrett and all concerned would do a far better thing to take hold and agitate the repeal of the foolish restrictive Sunday law, than to give so-called "sacred" concerts. Let us be free to hear the Symphonies on Sunday or whenever we please, and without nicknaming them "sacred." The motive of these Theatre concerts certainly is not Religion; neither is it Art; it is simply money; and in this sense they are sacred concerts according to the old saying "Auri sacra fames."

2. To the interest of Music as a high Art of classic, good music in Boston, we looked up on the announcement of thi-theatre invasion of the domain of music not without alarm; an alarm which has been confirmed by what report, privately circulated, says of the intention and spirit of the manager. How will it affect the chances of good classical concerts, "Philharmonic," Symphonies etc. in Boston this winter? And that is asking how will it affect the growth of a higher musical taste? Were Boston as well stocked with musicians as London, it would not matter. But an orchestra is indispensable to a grand concert. Nearly all our musicians drudge in theaters five nights, and latterly six nights, in the week. Sunday alone is left for concerts; if the Theatre monopolizes that too, and for music only up to its own standard, are not Beethoven and his admirers nicely left out in the cold? We hear it hinted, may assert, that the Manager openly avows his intention to control and monopolize the concert business of Boston this winter; that the musicians, the fiddles, the oboes, the long-desired bassoon, are to move only at his beck and bidding; that he cannot spare them to help out anybody else's concerts, however classical and unworldly in their aim; that the so-called "popular" music is to have full swing henceforth and all else must quit the field.

We hope these rumors are exaggerations. But, in any case, it is hard to see, how all the musicians can be preoccupied for light, mere fashionable music seven nights in the week and leave any chance for what the real music-lovers want. Any attempt, however, at such dictation and unamiable exclusiveness, once understood, would be sure to unite all reasonable parties against a manager, and so the evil would soon cure itself.

We have no personal feeling whatever in the matter, and have only broached these fears on the principle of forewarned is fore-armed.

### Musical Correspondence.

**NEW YORK, SEPT. 25.**—The musical season has been fairly inaugurated, at least so far as the concert hall goes, by the first performances of the new troupe of artists, Madame PAREPA, and Messrs. DANNER and ROSE, engaged by M. Bateman for a three months' tour in this country. Madame Parepa, the prima donna of the company, is a Scotch lady, of English and Wallachian parentage (the latter fact having given a very fair thread to sensation biographers, whereby to hang a tale of her Greek extraction), who enjoys a most honorable position among the resident London sopranis. The lady's voice is a true soprano, of excellent quality throughout its extent, of great power and sufficient flexibility. Her style of singing is characterized by healthy vigor, possessing much physical verve (as distinguished from impassioned warmth), but never degenerating into extremes. Her tone is full, open, and well sustained, her scale passages clear, and her shake steady and distinct. Her musical education has evidently been more eclectic than that of the majority of our concert singers, for she does not confine herself to the Italian repertoire alone, having given arias from

Oberon, Freyschütz, Judas Maccabeus, &c. But the lady's choice in the matter of ballads is not of the best, especially as regards the compositions of Mr. Ganz, however desirable these latter may be as to the display of Madame Parepa's fine shake. But they are musical platitudes. Mme. Parepa's manner and appearance are such as to secure her the popular appreciation.

M. DANNREUTHER, the pianist, also hails, at least lately, from London, where he has established himself as an admired concert player at musical entertainments of the highest stamp, and as a successful professor in Belgravia, despite his twenty years, for a young professor finds popularity difficult of attainment in an old country. Edward Dannreuther, although an Alsatian by birth, is legally a United States citizen, having come to America in early boyhood. He is an admirable pianist, and an intelligent, true musician; he does not make use of the piano-forte merely in order to display his remarkable technical ability, nor does he coquet with the instrument, like so many others; but he uses it as a means of performing the works of our great masters, with reverence and earnestness. His manner is modest and free from affectation, his conception of the works he performs is correct, and his technical means are so perfect as to render each performance a complete asthetical picture, even in the smallest details. Bach, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc., are awakened to ideal life under his fingers; and if we sometimes desire a little more physical force and passion, the finer characteristics of these masters lose nothing at his hands. His rendering of Chopin's compositions is especially deserving of admiration; Edward Dannreuther possesses exactly the poetic feeling, the gentle and tender expression, absolutely needed in an exponent of this exceptional composer. The young artist's phrasing is very careful and intelligent, his touch clear and distinct, his scales, passages, and trills finished, even in the faintest piano. The Steinway Grand used by Herr Dannreuther at these concerts is one of the finest Pianos we have ever heard from this celebrated manufactory.

The violinist and youthful concert-meister from Hamburg, CARL ROSE, is an equally interesting and remarkable artist. His tone is clear, pure, noble; he masters all the technical difficulties of his instrument with ease, and unaffectedly. His bowing is elegant and admirable, as we might expect from a distinguished pupil of Ferdinand David, and an artist who has modelled his style upon that of Joachim. We have heard him play the violin Sonatas, and the great Chaconne of Bach, as well as compositions of Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, and were delighted with his rendering of them. It is to be regretted that the general public is not warm in the reception of such lofty creations, and that the young artist is forced by circumstances to make a partial choice of effect pieces, unartistic in their tendency, and opposed to his own sympathies.

#### LANCELOT.

HARTFORD, CONN. A correspondent writes us: "The Beethoven Society, on Monday, commenced in earnest their regular rehearsals after their summer recess. This Society has been in existence nearly seven years, and has from its commencement been under the direction of JAMES G. BARNETT, a thorough English musician. During this time they have studied works of the highest character. On the list we find, of Mendelssohn's writings: 'Elijah,' 'Hymn of Praise,' 'Lauda Zion,' 'Hear my Prayer,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream' (music), and selections from 'St. Paul,' 'Athalie,' and many of his lighter compositions; Handel's 'Messiah,' 'Acis and Galaten,' and portions of 'Samson' and other oratorios; Haydn's 'Creation,' 'Last Seven Words on the Cross,' 'The Seasons'; Loew's 'Seven Sleepers'; Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' and selections of the most pleasing por-

tions of his many operas; Weber's 'Oberon'; Van Bree's 'Saint Cecilia'; Romberg's 'Transient and Eternal,' and 'Harmony of the Spheres'; J. G. Barnett's 'Life of the Blessed,' and many other first-class compositions.

The energy displayed by the officers of the Society in its management, and the great amount of vocal talent to be found among its members, has enabled them to perform many of the above works in a very intelligent and superior manner; and they have manifested in their different performances a desire to do justice to the conceptions of the great and inspired thoughts of the immortal composers. They have been very materially aided by first-class instrumental talent engaged at great expense from Boston and New York, including the Mendelssohn Quintet Club and Germania Society; and also have they been aided in their successful performances of the 'Elijah,' 'Messiah' and 'Creation' by Dr. Guilmette, whose splendid voice and intelligent conception of whatever he has to sing place him very high in all that relates to classical vocal music. The officers of the Society have been re-elected: Charles Canfield, as President; W. H. Hill, Secretary; J. G. Barnett, Conductor; and W. J. Babcock, Organist. The Society have now on their list upwards of two hundred names. They commenced the season with the rehearsal of Costa's Oratorio of 'Eli,' placed within their reach by the enterprising house of Oliver Ditson & Co. They intend bringing out this work in all its magnificent proportions without delay. They have also several other interesting works on their list for the ensuing fall and winter."

ROCHESTER, SEPT. 19. Not being in town at the time of Mr. MORGAN's two concerts in July, I can chronicle his success only upon hearsay. Pecuniarily, it was better than the average of the concerts of the tour, judging from the notices of the press elsewhere. Artistically, it must have surpassed all of them, since he had, (as I think) the best instrument he met with on the route, that presided over by Mr. Penfield, in the Central Presbyterian Church, the officers of which society are justly entitled to thanks for their liberality and public spirit. Mr. Penfield will give us occasional organ treats during the autumn. We hope also to hear something from the touch of your Mrs. FROHOCK.

Mr. HENRI APPY gave a Concert last evening in Washington Hall, assisted by Miss Clara Strauss, vocalist, Mr. Carlo Morra, pianist, and Mr. Bauer, accompanist. Mr. Appy's violin performances were, of course, the gems of the evening. He gave the Concerto in A of De Beriot; Bravoura Variations on airs in Massaniello, by Hauman; Norma Variations, and "The Dream," both by himself; the latter senza accompaniment, and with the G string tuned a minor-third below. His playing was marked by all his usual breadth and completeness of style. He was recalled each time, but responded only after the "Dream," when he gave a balladistic air with some very rich double stopping. When will the American public be educated up to the point of expecting and demanding of such artists as Mr. A., something from the classics of the art?

Mr. MORRA is a late arrival and proposes to make Rochester his home. His selections for the evening were gotten up sufficiently after the Thalberg-Gottschalk style to "take" the young ladies, and he no doubt will soon find plenty of pupils. Miss STRAUSS is not a great artist, but was well received, the accompanist performing his part judiciously.

I should say by the way, that a certain lady not a hundred miles from Syracuse has recently, with the ecclesiastical sanctions in such cases made and provided, been made Appy, entitling our violinist to transfer the initial of his pre-nomen to his ad-nomen; he being essentially and matrimonially now a happy man.

T. E. A.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

### LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Enticement. (Lockung.) F. Dessauer. 30

A favorite German song, with English and German words. Dreamy and soothing, the "Enticement" merely being, to stroll out in the moonlight, and to fall into a reverie by the side of a cool, murmuring brook.

Where shall the Beautiful rest? Duet.

J. O. Starkweather. 30

A reprint of a piece, known to those who have sung it, as one of the most beautiful of duets. For two voices of about equal compass, as they cross occasionally.

Soft and Low. From the "Mock Doctor," by Gounod. 35

One of the favorite songs in Gounod's comic opera, which, in England is having good success. The music is "soft and low, as when light rills flow," and is quite taking.

Leggero Invisible. (O light invisible.) Ardito. 40

A charming, light, airy Italian air, with a kind of intangible beauty, like the sentiment of the poem. One of the most effective kind of songs for a sweet, flexible soprano or tenor voice. Has Italian and English words.

Early love. Ballad. F. Musgrave. 30

A pretty song about "Mother," and, which is a recommendation, bringing in "Father" too. Sung in the famous drama of "Milky White," at the Boston Museum, by Miss Annie Clark.

The 'Telligent Contraband. C. Pettengill. 30

A comic song, which has been successful in Ethiopian concerts in Boston.

The Beaming Stars. (Die Sterne schau'n in stiller Nacht.) F. Mendelssohn. 35

A "blond maiden" sitting by the bedside of her sick mother, requests the stars to exert their quieting influence, and soothe the invalid to slumber; who reply, that a guardian angel has already descended, and the sufferer's eyes are closing. The music, of course, is good and appropriate.

#### Instrumental.

Nocturne. In C minor. Op. 48. No. 1.

F. Chopin.

A composition which will be melancholy, or deep and mysterious, or somewhat lulling, according as one happens to feel while playing it. Difficult, of course, and requires careful study.

Pratten's recreations. Flute and Piano.

Santa Maria. "Dinorah," by Meyerbeer. 30

The Power of Love. "Satanella," by Balfe. 30

Two very pretty melodies for the Flute, (or Violin,) and Piano. Not difficult, and the Piano accompaniment quite tasteful.

Tandem Galop. J. P. Clarke. 30

Perfectly easy, and quite musical. Has a line or two of singing in the "Trio."

Welcome to Spring. (Frühling's Einzug.) For six hands. Th. Oesten. 75

Six hand pieces are excellent practice, and, with a good arrangement, like the present one, make powerful and excellent music. Easy, and a good exhibition piece.

A waltz song. For small hands. T. Oesten. 30

This is No. 1 of three pieces, called Kinderstädchen or Children's songs, and is a very neat waltz, so arranged as to fit very easily to the motions of the finger, and there are no chords too "stretchy" for a child's hand.

#### Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR THE CABINET ORGAN.

An excellent method is here furnished for that popular instrument. The elements and exercises are found in a simple form, and are followed by a number of simple and pleasing airs and songs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

